

D. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

THE CHRONICLE.

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
TO
MacCrimmon

VOL. II. NO. 23

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

THE TOGGERY.

FOR THOSE WHO KNOW

We have an excellent line of trousers from \$2.25 to \$4.50.
Suits from \$7.50 to \$15.00.
Suits Made to Order from \$16 to \$40.

SEE DAVE.

SUITS PRESSED.

D. G. HARVIE.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD



FIX UP YOUR FENCES AND BARNES

before every stick is gone be-
yond repair. A little lumber
from our yard now may save
you many a dollar later on.
Look over your property, then
through our stock and tell us
how we can serve you. We'll
do it cheerfully, promptly,
with anything in the lumber
line.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,
GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Mr. FARMER

WE ARE IN THE IMPLEMENT BUSINESS. This being
our first appearance in print.

WE Hold the Agencies of Companies putting the Best
Implements on the Market to-day.

DEEKING Drills, Mowers, Rakes, Binders and Wagons.

MOLINE Plows, Discs and Mandt Wagons.

CARLIN ORINDORFF Canton Plows

FAIRBANKS-MORSE Gasoline Engines and Windmills.

RED RIVER Special Threshers are all Standards that
others have copied and claim they have "just as good."

GENTLEMEN! Take the Tip and have nothing but the
original guaranteed by the makers and Sold by

McKAY BROS.

Crossfield, Alta.

FINE SEED OATS

Free From Weed Seed.

800 BUSHELS FOR SALE
at Fairview Ranch, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from
Crossfield

G. F. Oldaker

Oats and Barley For Sale

Good Seed and Feed Oats For Sale,
also Barley.

A. C. SAUNDERS,

12 miles straight east of Crossfield.

\$tp

Black Gelding for Sale.

I will sell by public auction under the
Estray Animal Ordinance, one Black
Gelding, weight about 900 lbs branded
Z-X on left thigh. Sale will take
place on Geo. Landynore's place N. E.
qr. 24-28 2-wes of S. of Saturday, June
8th at 2 p.m.

Jno. S. Davie, J. P.

For Sale.

Dark grey Percheron Stallion, rising
8 years old; sound and bright; well
broken to harness. Weight about 16 cwt.
Sure foot gether. Will sell for cash or
trade with horses or cattle.

Some work horses for sale.

Apply to R. L. BOYLE, Crossfield.

FOR SALE.

Two Good Milch Cows; one fresh
and one coming fresh in a week.
Apply to F. CHISHOLM,
 $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from Airdrie.

WM.

URQUHART

Agency for

Canada Carriage

And

Reindeer Buggies

New Deal

Moline and Spate

Wagons

WM. URQUHART,

CROSSFIELD

THREE YEARS FOR HORSE STEALING

On a charge of stealing two horses to which he pleaded guilty, James Dennis was sentenced to three years in Edmonton penitentiary. Dennis had been working on the Merino ranch, near Cochrane, owned by A. McPherson. About the 14th of May he declared that he had received a message from a man for whom he had formerly worked in the United States offering him work, and had took two of the best horses and started off. The Mounted Police were notified and started in pursuit. Dennis rode hard mounting first one of the stolen horses and then the other, so that the police had rather a lively chase before they rounded him up.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding
Crossfield and Elsewhere.

The weather shows signs of im-
provement and quite fine too!

Thunder and lightning on Mon-
day and Tuesday prove that Sum-
mer has arrived.

We regret to state that the twins
born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Mc-
Kinney, of Dog Pound, have been
stillborn.

A literary and musical program
to be followed by refreshments, will
be given in the Oddfellows Hall on
Thursday, June 3rd. Admission
25 cents.

The Zionists have purchased two
sections of land near Medicine Hat
and will go extensively in for mixed
farming. 100 families will come in
at one others following later on.
It looks as if Dr. Dowie's old city
will be abandoned.

Mr. J. T. Boucher, of Dog Pound,
will re-open his cheese factory on
1st June. Last season he dealt
with from 4000 to 6000 lbs of milk
a day, and he expects to improve on
these figures this year by at least
1000 lbs a day.

An application has been made for
two mail services a week to Sampson-
ton Post Office. It is to be
hoped that this is specifically granted
as the country all around is well
settled up and there is a large num-
ber of people getting their mail at
that office.

The Orangemen of Spring Bank
will open their new hall on June 4th.
In addition to a musical pro-
gramme, a number of prominent
men are expected to be present and
give their views on passing events
and the questions of the day. Mr.
M. J. McCarthy, M. P., Hon. L.
W. Cushing, Mr. Houlden and Mr.
A. Chapman will be among the
elected. The last named was
elected in April last to the dignified
office of Deputy Grand Master of
the Order.

The Orange men of Spring Bank
will open their new hall on June 4th.
In addition to a musical pro-
gramme, a number of prominent
men are expected to be present and
give their views on passing events
and the questions of the day. Mr.
M. J. McCarthy, M. P., Hon. L.
W. Cushing, Mr. Houlden and Mr.
A. Chapman will be among the
elected. The last named was
elected in April last to the dignified
office of Deputy Grand Master of
the Order.

Watch Crossfield Grow.

If you want to sell your farm for cash,
see Hulgren & Davie.

List your land with Simon Downie &
sons, of Crossfield, for quick sales.

Mr. S. Nicholson, postmaster at Sampson-
ton was a visitor to Calgary on Thurs-
day.

Crossfield Football team will visit Innis-
fail on Saturday taking the morning train
north.

Presbyterian Church Service held in
Methodist Church every Sunday evening
at 7.30 p.m.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30
and a preaching service at 3.30 every
Sunday afternoon.

If you want to sell your lands be sure
to list them with Simon Downie &
sons, of Crossfield. They are having
many inquiries for land in the Crossfield
district.

Jno. S. Davie spent Tuesday and Wed-
nesday in Didsbury inspecting farm lands
for a loan company. He says Didsbury
is looking prosperous, and the business
men expects to have a good season.

COMMUNICATION.

To the people of Crossfield and vicinity.

As the Crossfield Candidate in the
Pony Contest, of the Calgary Daily News
I would ask your kind support. Each
coupon counts ten votes. By kind per-
mission I have placed a ballot box in the
Post Office. Coupons may be placed in
at any time. I am also soliciting
subscriptions.

Thanking you in anticipation for your
support. I am yours truly,

Mary McAnally.

CROSSFIELD TOPS THE LEAGUE

After their defeat on Saturday
night, Carstairs team came down
here yesterday determined to
qualify matters. The game was
played after a rain storm which
made the ground heavy and good
football was an impossibility. After
playing for a quarter of an hour the
referee called both teams together
and asked them if they were deter-
mined to continue the game. Car-
stairs being the heavier team thought
they had a little advantage over the
local boys and pressed for a con-
tinuation of the game. Play during
the remainder of the half was
very rough and ended with a score
of Crossfield 1 (which Timmins
scored from a penalty kick) and
Carstairs 0.

In the second half, play was of a
most ungentlemanly character and
the referee had to caution a number of
the Carstairs players. In fact one
was put off the field for five
minutes for foul play. The score
ended as above.

Mr. J. T. Boucher, of Dog Pound,
will re-open his cheese factory on
1st June. Last season he dealt
with from 4000 to 6000 lbs of milk
a day, and he expects to improve on
these figures this year by at least
1000 lbs a day.

The resumption of play the Cross-
field boys made a fine run which ended
with a great victory just before the bar
closed. Not to be denied the boys came
out again and Lee after defeating four or
five of Carstairs players ended with a
fine shot which the goal-keeper had no
chance to stop. This roused the
Carstairs boys and they made great efforts
to equalize but met with a stubborn
defence the spectators were now encroaching
on the line of play being excited and
were cheering the Carstairs boys on but
all to no purpose. The game ended with the
score as goal to goal in Cross-
field's favor.

Crossfield forward line has lots of room
for improvement, combination being con-
spicuous by its absence, should they im-
prove in the forward line their is no
doubt that they could give any teams
along the line a great game and clean
football.

The Crossfield Football team now stands
at the top of the league. The position of
the team being as follows:

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.	For	Ag
Crossfield	2	1	4	2	0
Didsbury	1	1	2	1	5
Imperial	1	1	2	5	4
Carstairs	0	2	0	0	2

C. O. F. SPORTS

The Foresters sports on Monday
were greatly interfered with by the
rain which fell in torrents. It was
found expedient to call off the 5
mile foot race and the horse races.
This was to be regretted as the
number of people who came to town
to see the different events was large.
Beaverdam as usual was well rep-
resented and the list of prize-winners
in the events which did take place
shows that they took many of the
prizes.

The following is the prize list:—

- 1/2 Mile Race, Spider Wilson, 1; Stan-
ley Robertson, 2.
- 100 yard dash, Bob Wilson, 1; George
Hawkins, 2.
- 50 yard dash, boys 15 and under, Jesse
Wilson, 1; Dan McPhee, 2.
- 50 yard dash, girls 10 and under, Anna
Hoffman, 1; Lily Burkholder, 2.
- Beds Biscuit Race, Harvey McCool, 1.
Three legged, Tom Marley and Dan
McPhee, 2.
- Lace Boot Race, Myrl Casey, 1; and Jim
Eagleson, 2.

A fairly good football match was play-
ed between Beaverdam and Crossfield
intermediates. The play was fast all
through but no scoring took place.

The dance in the evening was well at-
tended and lasted until 4 a.m.

LOOP-THE-LOOP ACT

At the Hippodrome Theatre down in little old New York, great crowds have been gathering every afternoon for several weeks past to see a marvelous loop-the-loop act performed by an intrepid young American named Ce-Dora, who calmly sits upon a motor cycle inside a huge globe shaped construction of lattice work, and makes complete revolutions travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The people of New York will not see this feature act of the Hippodrome very much longer, because Ce-Dora has signed a contract with the Alberta Provincial Exhibition Co., and she will be in Calgary between the dates of July 5th to 10th, when people throughout the West will have an opportunity to witness a performance which took New Yorkers by storm when it was first presented in their city a few months ago, and in which their interest has since then not even momentarily paled. It was in England that Ce-Dora first essayed to while away the time of the amusement-loving public by giving exhibitions of what hitherto had been considered outside the boundaries of possibility. The fact that Ce-Dora will be at the Alberta Provincial Exhibition is indicative of the progressiveness so characteristic of Westerners.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the Crossfield School report for April, 1909.

Per cent.

Standard VI	
Milton McCool,.....	.69
Standard V	
Guy Armstrong,.....	.72
Alice McPaden,.....	.69
Harold Bishop,.....	.68
Clarance Marston,.....	.64
Mary McAnally,.....	.63
Eileen McAnally,.....	.62
Merl Armstrong,.....	.62
Malcolm McAnally,.....	.55
Standard IV	
Harvey McCool,.....	.69
Harold Thomas,.....	.69
Melville Reid,.....	.66
Standard III sr.	
Wiltford MacLoughlin,.....	.72
Aberth Hunter,.....	.68
John Smart,.....	.66
Craig Wilson,.....	.66
Malvin Patmore,.....	.59
Harold Reid,.....	.49
Standard III jr.	
Emma Hoffman,.....	.92
Pat Smyth,.....	.68
Melville Bishop,.....	.67
Greta McCool,.....	.66
Lilah Parker,.....	.65
Murray Parker,.....	.57
Vincent Patmore,.....	.56
A. F. Stephenson, Principal,	
Standard II	
Robert Smart,.....	.500
Clifford Edwards,.....	.517
Gilbert MacDougal,.....	.490
Hylon Parker,.....	.451
Tillie Eagleton,.....	.412
George Stone,.....	.297
Gladys White,.....	.103
Charles Stone,.....	.38
Standard I Part II	
Frank McCool,.....	.423
Frances McAnally,.....	.342
Florence Wright,.....	.219
Kathleen Bishop,.....	.186
James Eagleton,.....	.167
Stanley Reid,.....	.15
Standard I sr.	
Harry Hinkley,.....	.163
Leigh White,.....	.36
Gertrude Stone,.....	.29
Standard I jr.	
Fred Timmins,.....	.40
Alice Brown,.....	.40
Cari Becker,.....	.25
Jack MacDougal,.....	.20
Thelma Hultgren,.....	.15
Leonard Stone,.....	.15
E. A. Millar, Teacher.	

Job Printing

Whatever you want in the Printing Line can be furnished by Us.

Ask For Prices.

TRAPPING A GORILLA

Story of a Vicious Struggle in the African Jungle.

A NET THAT FAILED TO HOLD.

The Snared Monster Broke Through Its Meshes and Was the Cause of One Death Before He Was Himself Killed by the Attacking Party.

Captain Fritz Daquena, the Boer Ivory hunter, was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrupeds. He was entirely successful in the task, excepting he could catch him alive. Finally a party pointed out a portion of the dark jungle in which a gorilla had been seen.

"For four days," said the captain, "we camped in this hotbed of disease, we camped in this hotbed of disease, searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig."

"After some hours of search the net was above rustled and then opened as a fast foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. The net once again was set for our animal—for a moment." He roared in fury, stamping, jumping and biting the rope into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as the iron trap which first encircled his neck was now being pulled about his waist, trying to force a canthus on the infuriated animal.

"As fast as the gorilla broke through the net, and he tore the first from him and though he once, and twice, and three times, the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape. In a moment the gorilla grasped him in his terrible hands. "I seized my rifle and fired in the air, and the gorilla stopped. At this instant I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth, the nostrils flaring, the snout arched in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat, and he dropped his victim. Like a flash before the eye, he shot a darting lunge from the leaves and, half throwing, half thrusting, drove an assegai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead."

"Examining the professor, I found his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla, and placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the east coast."

"He died on the road, just on the veranda beside a lonely village a lonely little slab marked 'Cari Bloch' sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things." —Hampton's Magazine.

Chances in Gambling.
Henri Poucarré, the leading mathematician of France, declares that there is no infallible martingale or system of double or single after every loss. "All one can do," says M. Poucarré, "is to combine one's plan so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much or a few chances of gaining much and many chances of losing little. One must not be afraid to have one chance of winning a million francs and a million chances of losing a franc or a million chances of losing a franc and one chance of losing a million francs—and that's all."

Incompatibility.
Town—Well, well, the idea of his marrying Miss Goldney! Why, he's a despot! Browne—What has that to do with it? She's got plenty of money, and so—Town—That's just it. She'll never agree with him, he's too rich.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE TARANTULA.

An Abominous Creature That Has Been Much Maligned.

The great tarantula of the southwestern part of the United States, like most another venomous creature as well as some others quite harmless, is much maligned. It is not aggressive upon man, nor is it often intrusive, though many an old minor orator projected a shaker of dust out of his blanched bosom in the morning. Strange to say, tarantulas thus dislodged are unusually "the sine qua non" of sausages.

It is often stated that the spider friks about in the sunshine on the hot sands of the desert, but in reality it avoids sunshine when it is hot and remains well down in its burrow in the ground. About noon it comes up to the opening and lies in wait just below the surface. It assumes this position whether it desire food or not, and it is not hungry. It does not travel about in quest of food even when hungry, but remains quietly in the attitude described often for hours at a time. In the next approach a caterpillar, grasshopper, beetle or almost any creature of like size other than its enemy, the wasp, it rushes out and seizes but does not eat it for a few inches from the opening.

Should the prey when first arrested simulate death, which often is the case, after a minute or a not more, the spider, unless it is very hungry, remains quiet until the insect moves, when the needle pointed fangs are thrust into it. By the pointing fangs the prey is held in place by the object seized. The spider then retreats with it into its burrow to feast, where the prey is ground up by the powerful jaws and the fangs. The burrow upon which the spider subsists is sucked out. One fair sized insect a week is sufficient to satisfy its hunger, unless it is in its inactive existence, when it lives upon the waste of other food, even when most active, provided it has water. The spider will fight and destroy its own kind, will eat eggs and make no distinction between its own species and those of its enemies, and, unlike their phlegmatic mates, cannot be kept long in confinement. They are extremely timid creatures and prone to escape at striking danger, but they can live even remote from the nest.

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SWINGING A BUSINESS

Business advertising is the devil that swings a business to success. Classified West Ads. are terrible business bringers that are certain to bring a business to failure. When the name once becomes big, and the big name becomes bigger.

Exceedingly Strong Line

OF

Early Spring Shoes

And

Oxfords

Already Here For Your Choosing. They Include All the Newest in Up-To-Date Footwear as well as The Good Old Standard Styles and Leathers.

In Gent's Furnishings

We have a Fine Line of Green Swifts Up-To-Date Suits

W. G. & R. Fine Shirts and Faultless Brand

Of Working Shirts and Overalls.

In Groceries

We have the Most Complete Stock in Town.

A Few of the Leaders are

PURITY FLOUR

STAFF'S JAM
BLUE RIBBON GOODS

A Car of Salt Daily Expected.

Wm. Urquhart,

Crossfield

Harness and Findings.

Our Stock is Complete and UP-TO-DATE in every respect.

DON'T FORGET

That it is of the Utmost Importance to get GOOD WORKMANSHIP, GOOD LEATHER and Lots of it.

We give strict attention to every detail in the manufacture of our goods. We keep our business to the front. You will Save Money and be assured of a Square Deal, if you deal with the Old Reliable.

E. B. Shantz

Carstairs - and - Didsbury.

Headquarters for All Kinds of Saddlery

Fixing Things For Arthur.

By HENRY BERLINGOFF.
Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Arthur Lynwood looked longingly after Irma Shelby, and Dick, his small brother, glanced up shrewdly into his clean cut face.

"Mushy," he said shrewdly, "why don't you marry her?"

"You scamp!" began Arthur. Then he paused. Dick was only twelve, but more than once the busy little brain under the thatch of red hair had helped the big brother through a tight place.

"I wish I knew her old 'chap,' he went on in a different voice. "I'm not mushy, but—well, you know it is yourself. I can't very well force myself to call on her, and when we have no women folks to call on her I don't see why they are going to make it hard for us."

"They certainly are hard folks to get next to," said Dick. "They've been here a month and two days now, and even gabby Mrs. Pitkin can't get in with them. I guess there isn't any chance for us, Art, just the three of us."

Arthur smiled at the phrase "us men." But, after all, Dick was one of



"I WANT HIM TO MARRY A TOP NOTCHER LIKE YOU."

The three who had been very lonely in the big house since Mrs. Lynwood had answered the call of the great beyond. So, with an affectionate pat on the back, said a little, "Never mind old fellow." Arthur watched Dick turn into the schoolyard.

Dick swung around suddenly after Arthur and tugged at his coat sleeve. "Don't you think it's a good idea to do something?" he commanded, then turned and sped back as the last bell was ringing.

The promise cheered Arthur oddly. Dick was fertile in invention and could be induced to bring about even this modest acquaintance if it could possibly be done.

The Shelleys had kept very much to themselves since they had come to town. Inquiring busybodies had told them that Arthur's mother was too ill to receive callers as yet.

Bogged to be excused for a few weeks more, and the girl—Arthur had discovered that her name was Irma—had shared her mother's seclusion.

Despite the fact that Arthur was rather surprised that evening when Miss Shelby came running out of the house as he passed, evidently she had been watching for him, and Arthur paused uncertainly as she reached him across the street.

"You are Mr. Lynwood?" she said, with questioning inflection.

"And you are Miss Shelby?" he returned. "I am at your service."

"It's about your brother—and my brother," she began, pretty embarrassed. "I assume that you have made an entirely unprovoked attack upon mine after school this afternoon. Poor Robert was badly treated. He is not accustomed to dealing with boys—and he knew little about fighting. I understand that your brother promised him another thrashing tomorrow."

"I shall speak to Dick this evening," promised Arthur, but just as he gave the assurance Dick came tearing out of the Lynnwood home, and Arthur called him across the street.

He came promptly, for Dick was not a boy to shirk responsibilities. He regarded Irma with mild amusement as Arthur repeated her statement.

"He started it," insisted Dick stoutly.

"I guess he was going to beat his brother called name. Your brother

brother was a dude and a pretty

boy, and Art isn't that. It's different being just good looking."

"Never mind that," ordered Arthur hastily. "That is no excuse for you to hit him."

"That wasn't all," supplemented Dick. "He called it a big stiff and said that he had an old grudge and get about you you'd get married and give me another mother to keep me from being lonely, and I told him that there wasn't anybody good enough for you, and he said somebody else, and then I learned him a good one, and then there was a fight."

"It wasn't much of a fight, though," he added, with contempt. "I had to chase those blocks to get him down."

Lady Aberdeen's compassion and the slave dealer was invited to bring them on board Lord Aberdeen's dahab-yah, where he hoped to find a master for his human chattel. Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag and said: "These boys are free!" I claim them in the name of the Queen, and the Queen has compensated the slave dealer, and Lady Aberdeen returned to England with these four boys and another whom she had rescued. Three of her adopted children died, but two were educated and set to useful work.

Lady Aberdeen's Adoption

Lady Aberdeen, who had nothing else to do, made good works and deduced by founding a new monthly journal to help in the campaign against consumption in Ireland, big and small, for thirty years past.

She and her husband went to Egypt for their wedding tour at a time when Gordon was trying to suppress the slave traffic. Four slave dealers were brought before the court.

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Eyes Are Relieved by Murine

when irritated by Chalk Dust and Stein, incident to the use of School Glasses.

Now New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,328 School Children need Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red Eyes?

Wear Murine Eyes—Eye Strain?

Murine doesn't Smart; Sooths Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physician. Contains No Irritating or Stimulating Drugs. Try Murine Eye Remedy for Your Eye Troubles; You will like Murine Eye Lids. Druggists Sell Murine at 5¢. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Five Children in Ten Months.

King Edward has sent a gratuity to Mrs. Blackstone, of South Lambeth, England, who recently gave birth to quintuplets. Mrs. Blackstone has given birth to five children in ten months.

A Tree Fountain.

In Perryville, Ind., there is an oak tree from which flows a solid stream of water through a gas pipe.

During the camp meeting at Gorlestone in 1888, it was noted that poudres de la marine, which were sold at 25 cents a quart, had been sold out when the water ceased flowing.

It is thought by geologists that there is an underground stream with an opening at the roots of the tree.

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS; HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhea and teething troubles, diaper rash, navel sores, etc., prevent deadly cramps. This medicine contains no poisonous opiates or narcotics, and may be given with absolute safety to a new-born child. Mrs. L. C. Avery, Louisville, Ky., says: "My baby suffered from colic and constipation so badly that we did not know what to do. We tried Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he now sleeps well. The action of the Tablets is gentle yet very effective." Sold by druggists or by mail. Price 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Village Grocer (peevishly):

"Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples on the top of the bush?"

The Honest Farmer (cheerfully):

"What makes you comb that long

lock over your bald spot?"

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Rhody—*Tis contented Oi found ye sittin' here, Mike. Are ye smokin' the nope of peace?*

Mike—*Oi'm contented, Rhody; but I want to know if it's back end to back end or front end to front end.*

Rhody—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Judge—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

For years Mother Gravie's Worm Extminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

Physical Impossibility.

Maud—Do tell me, Alice! Did Charley make you soft that if I beat you much you'll get out of shape, and you ain't got too much

shape as it is. You'll make a fierce brother-in-law, Skinny, but I suppose that I'll have to stand you for I've been fixing things for Arthur—and, I guess you go with the family."

He stopped abruptly.

Arthur—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Mike—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Rhody—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Charley—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Arthur—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Charley—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Mike—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Rhody—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Charley—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

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Mike—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Rhody—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Charley—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Mike—*Smokin' me piece o' peace.*

Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon
The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good

Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE — COAL —

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

Parker

The Livery Barn

Now

Is the time to bring in your

Plows & Wagons

To be fitted up before the
rush of spring work begins.

Walter Bradley

HORSES FOR SALE.

Heavy and Light Horses always for
Sale.
J. G. CREIGHTON,
Cochrane.

Palace Meat Market

Highest cash price paid for
Poultry, Veal and Hides.

We buy hogs, live or dressed
any time. Delivered when
ordered.

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats Kept in Stock

PALACE MEAT MARKET
G. F. Mitchell, Prop.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta.

Editor—J. Mewhort.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909

A WAR SCARE.

A scare is on in Britain at present. Phantom German ships are populating the Sea and the Air and no one would, to all appearance, be greatly surprised if genuine ships were to take the place of the phantoms which they are seeing through their overwrought imagination. Why need they care? Even Germany's hot headed ruler would think twice were he made an attack on the Mother Land or any of her Overseas Empires, as they may well be called. With her array up to full strength, her new territorial forces recruited to within 85 per cent of their outside limit (300,000 men) and having an overseas army twice as strong as the overseas armies of France and Germany combined, why should Old England fear? Let her stand firm and fear no foe, calling if need arises, in the vulgar phrase of some years back—"Let 'em all come."

CHURCH UNION.

Church union is again attracting attention in the East. Why should ministers and laymen waste their breath on an impossible subject. Union can never come while so many doctrines are taught. Instead of union the number of branches of the protestant church increases. We have heard a minister who preached church union three times a month and who was never tired of explaining that if the churches would only unite he would get the salary that then was being divided between him and another minister in town. All the sermons he preached never did a bit of good or brought a member to his church. Let our ministers of all denominations cease to preach "popular" and church union sermons and get back to Him who said "If I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." Never till Christ is the theme of every sermon will we be any nearer to union.

It is becoming a common occurrence for Calgary City Council to hold secret meetings. It looks to the outside world as if graft abounded in that city and the councillors wished to shield the guilty parties in every case lest their own characters should next be called in question.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!
Have you subscribed yet?
Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.

See Glover & MacCormack for new goods.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

If you want a good fire insurance policy apply to H. T. Glover.

Mrs. Smith left on Monday night and will spend the summer visiting friends in Ontario.

Mr. J. H. Smith has disposed of his house in Airdrie to Mr. Vincent, who took up residence in it this week.

Mr. Grove has disposed of his chopping block to Mr. H. Eldridge who took charge on Tuesday and will no doubt receive the same liberal patronage as was extended to his predecessor.

Mr. Bert Parr, who has been visiting his home in Airdrie for the past two weeks left on Tuesday on a visit to Vancouver. Mr. Leslie Parr accompanied him as far as Calgary.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

IMPORTANT.

How much grain sand compared
To all the world's sand?
Through all the million miles of space
And never crowd the sky?

Look at the farthest star,
And at the smallest grain of sand
Are there not millions more?

You want to tear the scanty down
And devastate the lot just on time
Your coffee is not bad.

When there are seven million souls
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The New Mayor
Based on G. H. Broadhurst's Successful Play,
The Man of The Hour
By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.
Copyright, 1907, by George H. Broadhurst.

(Continued.)

"The woods are full of 'right men,' replied Wainwright. "The money is the chief thing to consider. That is why I asked you here today. This is the point I'm going to make. As a shareholder I am fully on the Borough Street railway will apply for a franchise for a car line from Blank Avenue to Dash street along the river front."

"I see," nodded Horrigan. "But you own the City Surface line, so that is the Borough Street railway's worst rival, you want the Borough's bill killed when it comes before the board of aldermen."

"You're wrong. To paraphrase your own words, you know a lot about politics, but you don't know a street railway's franchise granted, and I want the franchise to be perpetual."

"But I don't see what your driving at. If you intend to merge the Borough Street railway with your own City Surface line, you will become one."

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately."

"The — you do!"

"That's a little surprise, eh? I haven't made any parade of it. I just went quietly to the office of the Broadhursts and got a majority of the Borough stock. Now don't you see how the granting of the franchise and the news that I control the road will work when they are made known?"

"Sure! It'll send that stock sky high. You've got two million or two."

"A million or two?" echoed Wainwright scornfully. "Never!"

"Hold on!" interjected Horrigan. "What's that noise?"

"He had jumped to his feet with an ascertained that the door was open, a man a man was listening intently.

"That clicking?" asked Wainwright.

"Oh, that's only the private wire in my office."

"Private wire? Any operator?"

"Of course. Why?"

"I suppose it should happen to be listening to us?"

"Who? Thompson? Absurd!"

"I don't know. I'd rather not."

"Well, Mr. Thompson, my private secretary, a man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as—"

"But I don't. I don't trust anyone. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message may come, and if he wasn't there in the very moment to transact it to me I might lose thousands. He's all right; even if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

"Oh, all right, Mr. Horrigan. Go on with what you were saying."

"I want the Borough Street railway franchise made perpetual. Catch my drift?"

"Sure. But the papers and the property holders will make a big kick."



Alwyn Bennett.

"Let them. They'll soon get hoarse and have to rest their throats. As long as we get the votes what do we care?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed the boss impatiently. "That's all right, but what I want to know is: How does all this concern me?"

Horrigan threw himself back in his chair, spatting cigar in one corner of his mouth, thumbs in waistcoat armholes and eyed his host quizzically. Wainwright did not even pretend not to understand. Still, instead of giving a smile, he went on with a serious frown.

"I am a public spirited citizen. I believe civic welfare would suffer by any change in municipal administration, so

to keep the present party in power I am willing to donate to it \$20,000 toward election expenses."

"That sounds pretty good so far as it goes, but maybe you didn't hear something like that you a minute ago. What I want to know is, How does all this concern me?"

"It's coming to that. As I said, I am a public spirited citizen. I'm also a good friend to a good girl. The girls always give a good girl friends on to anything in the market that looks particularly promising. Suppose I carry for your account at the market price (that's \$3 just now) 15,000 shares of Borough Street railway stock?"

"I'll think about it."

"If that franchise is granted, Borough stock will go up at least 25 points within two days. That would clear up for you a profit of — let's see — about \$375,000."

Bennett had pulled a pencil from his pocket and was figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Yes," he said at last; "that's right \$375,000. That would be profit while yours would run into the millions. That's not warm enough friend, eh?"

"Surely, that is a generous—"

"Generous, maybe, but I'd like something magnificent — say 25,000 shares at \$3."

"That's at the 25 point jump I'd make —" consulting his figures on the envelope — "something over \$600,000. That sounds better to me."

"But Mr. Horrigan —"

"You've got my terms. Take 'em or leave 'em."

"I'll take 'em," conceded Wainwright, with more gracefulness. "Any thing to oblige an old friend."

"Good! So we get \$200,000 for election expenses, and my personal account receives 25,000 shares at \$3."

"Quite so. And now —"

"I have now come to the question of the right man for mayor. We —"

Again Horrigan paused, rising to his feet stealthily, like some ponderous cat, his head bent slightly, as though caught by a faint or distant sound.

"What's the matter?" asked Wainwright, looking up.

"Nothing," returned Horrigan. But he did not resume his seat. Instead as he talked he began to pace the room in apparent aimlessness, yet every turn changed to bring him closer to the door of the adjoining office.

"You see," he said, "we must have the right man. If we don't, we haven't a shadow of a show."

"We must be careful to choose the best man possible. In fact, Mr. Wainwright —"

"Right — in fact —"

His wandering stopped abruptly near the office door.

"Thank you," he said, "but I word be suddenly jerked it open.

Thompson stepped quietly over the threshold into the library, walked to his master, handed him a dispatch to transmit our good news to the battery of Horrigan's glare, closing the office door after him.

"That fellow was listening to every word we said!" shouted the boss as the door shut behind Thompson.

"That's foolish, Mr. Horrigan!"

"I don't know. I'd rather not."

"Well, Mr. Thompson, my private secretary, a man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as—"

"But I don't. I don't trust anyone. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message may come, and if he wasn't there in the very moment to transact it to me I might lose thousands. He's all right; even if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

"Oh, all right, Mr. Horrigan. Go on with what you were saying."

"I want the Borough Street railway franchise made perpetual. Catch my drift?"

"Sure. But the papers and the property holders will make a big kick."

"Well, how about Gibbs?

"We do. Broker and money getter. The public wouldn't stand for him."

"Young Sawyer?"

"Sawyer do. Young foolish, and he's been a good one. His face is either every year worse, and his face is either every year worse."

"Ten Broeck, then."

"Ten Broeck is too fond of turning a cigarette into the connecting link between fire and a foot. And, besides, he wears a monocle. What's happened to that man now in a Fourth world meeting? There'd be a massacre."

"Well, who, then? Have you any in mind?"

"Yes," asserted Horrigan. "I have. Do you want to know a young fellow who spends his summer near here — a chap named Bennett — Alwyn Bennett?"

"Certainly; I know him well. But —"

"Well, how does he strike you?"

"I'd never thought of him in connection."

"Why wouldn't you? He pretty near fulfills all our qualifications. Besides, his father used to be a big man in the organization. Got some fat contract from it in his time —"

"I'm young, but I'm a lawyer too!"

"How well educated, clever, and all that. I can across him last fall when he came over to help Lorimer in his fight on the Fourteenth. He made some rather good speeches, and the took a kick at him, a swell, but not a snob; good mixer, good fellow, popular, clear headed, no pasty, he's our man. More I think it over the surer I am."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right. How would you like to talk it over with him now?"

"Now?"

"You. He's still around the place somewhere, I think."

Wainwright rang a bell, and the butler appeared.

"Send Mr. Bennett," said the financier.

"Send him if he will step here for a moment."

"Yes" went on Horrigan reflectively, rubbing his huge plump hands together. "He's the man for us — that is, he added with less assurance, "if we can handle him."

"I think we can," answered Wainwright, a fragment of his conversation with Gibbs flashing across his memory. "You see, I have fairly good reason for thinking he's in love with my niece, Miss Dale Wainwright."

"So? That's —"

"And, as I control her fortune and her brother's until Perry is twenty-five —"

"Oh, it's a cinch!" chuckled Horrigan.

"Mr. Bennett is playing tennis," reported the butler, coming to the door.

"He will be here at once."

"Now," resumed Horrigan, "the only thing that remains is to find out if he'll consent, and —"

"You wanted me, Mr. Wainwright?"

"Asked Bennett, smiling through the veranda.

"Good morning, Mr. Horrigan," he added on seeing the second occupant of the room.

The young man was a tall, slender, good-looking man, his skin being turned to a pink by the sun he swung a sun-hat. With the other he unloosed his flushed face, for the day was hot and the game had been swift.

"Yes," answered Wainwright. "I'm sorry to interrupt your tennis but —"

"I'm a lawyer too," said Horrigan.

"Mr. Bennett, are you playing tennis?"

"I'm not," he said, "but I'm a tennis player."

"Want to be mayor?" queried Horrigan.

"What's the answer?" countered the perplexed youth.

"It isn't a joke," intervened Wainwright.

"Mr. Horrigan is in earnest."

"I can't help it, but I'm a tennis player."

"You don't understand," put in Horrigan. "I control the party's nominations. The nomination for mayor is yours if you'll like it."

"Not now, really?" gasped Alwyn.

"Aight, I'll trust a man living."

"Don't sign receipts or keep accounts or write letters or have witnesses when I talk. I always make a question of it, but I can't do that if there's a man here who's an investigator. My word's as good as any one's and they can't prove anything against me. I've got to be a good man for me to be a good man for me."

"Well, consider Horrigan. That's all right, but what I want to know is: How does all this concern me?"

"It's coming to that. As I said, I'm a public spirited citizen. I'm also a good friend to a good girl. The girls always give a good girl friends on to anything in the market that looks particularly promising. Suppose I carry for your account at the market price (that's \$3 just now) 15,000 shares of Borough Street railway stock?"

"I'll think about it."

"Young Sawyer?"

"Sawyer do. Young foolish, and he's been a good one. His face is either every year worse, and his face is either every year worse."

"Ten Broeck, then."

"Ten Broeck is too fond of turning a cigarette into the connecting link between fire and a foot. And, besides, he wears a monocle. What's happened to that man now in a Fourth world meeting? There'd be a massacre."

"Well, how about Gibbs?

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No. 43

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 p.m.
Visiting Brethren Welcome.

F. W. McLean, Rec.-Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.
Meets Friday on or before the Full Moon. Visiting brethren always welcome.

Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Secy.

Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday and third Monday in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.

D. Omiker, James Newhort,
C. E. Rec. Sec.

CHAS. DICKENS

(From Edinburgh)

WATCHMAKER

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3th Ave. East,
Calgary."Just below The
Queens."Watches etc., received in Crossfield, by
E. J. Benton, Barber.

Hogs Wanted.

I have made arrangements to ship hogs every Tuesday. Highest cash price paid or same. Hogs to be delivered on Monday. It will pay you to see me before selling elsewhere.

G. F. MITCHELL,
Crossfield.

STATISTICS IN MEDICINE

OLD REMEDIES RETAIN THEIR POPULARITY

Investigations of French Physicians Show that Large Production of Synthetic Medicines is Not Crowding Out the Old Favorites.

A late despatch from Paris says—
Prof. Grimbri present a notable paper to the Academy of Medicine on therapeutic tests made in the last ten years. Basing his figures on medicines furnished to 219 large apothecaries and hospitals by the State Pharmacopoeia, he found that the so-called "modern" medicines retain their popularity.

An expert authority on being interviewed states that the tendencies of the medical profession in Canada are along exactly the same lines. He gives the following old-fashioned remedies as the best and best treatment for all stomach and liver troubles, constipation, disorder of the kidneys and bladder, and similar diseases. These old physicians use these ingredients in some form, often by some fancy and expensive name: Fluid Extract Cardamom, 1 oz.; Fluid Extract of Rhubarb, 1 oz.; Fluid Extract of Carcian Compound, 1 oz.; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, 5 oz. Take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

This acts in a pleasant way, and is free from the disagreeable effects of strong purgatives and synthetic drugs. We advise all our readers to cut this valuable formula out and use it. Any druggist can supply these ingredients at a small expense. You can mix them at home if you prefer.

When Polly Thrilled.

By GRACE MORTON.

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The girl's hand lay quietly in the strong brown palm.

"Is there no response in your heart?" queried the young fellow, tightening his clasp as he gazed into the brown eyes that gave him back the look of a troubled child.

"I am afraid not, Ned," answered the girl reluctantly; "not any more than there is there." She nodded her fingers. "By all accepted rules I should feel a thrill at your touch if I loved you and I don't—not a bit of a one."

Ned dropped the hand that had not "thrilled" promptly and dug holes in the sand with his bare heel. "I am a jumper," he said with a huge sigh, "You are absolutely heartless, I do believe, Polly."

"Not so," replied the girl, combing up some twigs and sticks to make her bairn a more bewitching angle. "I am only young and well satisfied with this good old world just as it is present." And Polly nonchalantly piled the wet sand in a circle and watched an impromptu and jumper's ineffectual attempts at escape.

"That's just the way you've got me," remarked Ned gloomily as he gazed at the little creature.

"Nonsense!" answered Polly as with a long, flying leap the jumper got away.



THE CHIN CAME DOWN SHARPLY ON THE

"I couldn't keep him, you see"—and mischievous twinkled in her eyes as she sprang to her feet—"but I'll promise you one thing, Ned." Polly extended her firm white hand, full of sand, toward the young man—"If ever this jumper comes back to you again, say me. Come on and don't be so tragic! I'll race you to the raft once more."

Ned ducked just in time to escape the sand she aimed at him and stumbled after the flying figure in its trim suit.

Polly was the best girl swimmer at the beach, and Ned had his work cut out for him. They landed at the raft side by side, to the delight of two half-grown lads who were eagerly watching the scene.

"All right, Neddy, maz," said the younger boy admiringly as he extended his hand to help her on the raft with the masonry of bathers.

"My, but they are dandy today," panted Polly, grasping Ned's arm to hold him from sliding off as an extra weight tilted the heavy raft at an alarming angle.

"We had better get back before the tide turns," said Ned. "There's bound to be a big underflow with such a swell." They paddled back to the raft, with happy silences. Polly raised her face, illuminated by the moon's soft sheen, and the brown eyes twinkled with their old light as she laid her hands on Ned's shoulder softly. "I'll never let you go again," she promised.

"Then the long light shone across the mischievous as she added, "I really believe I felt a thrill."

THE FIRE GURU.

The belief is general throughout a large part of China that the insane are under the influence of evil spirits. In their endeavor to cure, afflicted patients the Chinese doctors, so called, administer a medicine which produces violent fits, and the victim is cured with the idea of having the patient driven off the insanity. The proper care of the insane is almost unknown. It is a common custom, if a member of the household becomes unmanageable, to chain him to a post or a heavy stone in the house. Dr. Seiden, a missionary physician in southern China, writing on the subject in the China Medical Missionary Journal, says he has seen a woman who had been an invalid who had lost her chains about the neck for fifteen years. There is no intention of cruelty in this, but knowing nothing about the nature of the malady there is nothing else for friends to do. Frequently, in order to restrain a person who is prone to running away or only obstinate, a piece of wick soaked in oil is placed under the thumb nail and lighted, with the result that the thumbs are often badly burned.

"I feel the undertow. The tide has turned," said Ned as he came up spluttering at the corner of the raft. He caught hold of the big iron ring on the side of the wood to pull himself up just as a huge wave struck

him over and square between the shoulders. As it receded his chin came down sharply on the ring. In a flash the man disappeared like a plummet.

Polly gasped when no dark head reappeared. "Quick, quick!" she cried. "He is stunned. Oh, Ned!"

"Oh, Ned!" she cried, clutching the slender boy and the lot of a father lad showed her how much help they would be. "Under the raft—the undertow. Oh, my God!" screamed the frantic girl. A band of ice seemed to be around her; then suddenly her wits were clear again. Grabbing up the safety rope, she tied it around her waist.

"Take it," she commanded the boys sharply, "and pull quick when I pull. I am going under the raft after him." One boy did as he was told. A few strokes to the left, and she was in the black darkness under the raft. An instant the frantic clutching here and there—and then, thank God, she had the neck of Ned's bathing suit in her desperate grasp.

She pulled with all the rope, swimming and tugging at the same time. The boys answered her. The heavy edge of the raft scraped the girl cruelly as they tugged, and she had no strength to clear it, but she held the safety rope tightly in a half unconscious grip.

Out at last! Oh, that blessed firstgulp of air! Jim's cries had brought the life squad, and hands eased her of her burden, and they lifted her into the boat. The last thing she did was to kiss the young sailor.

Everything was dreamlike after that until she found herself in bed in her room at the hotel. She dimly remembered being assured that Ned was all right, and she smiled faintly at Brothman, who had come to see her. "You have got a heroine in the family at last," Tom said with a sound of exasperation until the following afternoon.

"Best thing for her," said the doctor in answer to her mother's anxious inquiries. And so it proved. With the exception of a slight chill, Ned was all right when she awoke, and after a meal served in her room she donned a most fetching pale pink gown that gave a becoming flush to her rather pale cheeks and set off her dark hair to perfection. Ned looked pretty for all she said Bob. "Pretty for me," he added, "but I'm not the one to kiss her."

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The Provincial Exhibition.

As an evidence of the interest the citizens of Calgary, as well as of the town within a radius of one hundred miles of that city, are taking in the Alberta Provincial Exhibition and the manner in which they are co-operating to assist the undertaking, the manager received no less than seventy-five letters in one mail recently, asking for a total of forty-five thousand pamphlets, advertising the exhibition. These are in reply to a letter sent out by the Exhibition Company asking for co-operation of the business houses in the distribution of reading matter of general interest in connection with the exhibition, and the result is very gratifying indeed. It is expected that an edition of from fifty to seventy-five thousand copies of this pamphlet will be issued, and the manager has been unable to communicate directly with everyone who might be willing to assist in mailing them to interested parties, he would be very glad to supply as many as would be required to those who apply.

It might also be mentioned in this connection that the merchants of Calgary are using upwards of two hundred thousand exhibition envelopes.

A large edition of a very attractive prize list has been published, and six thousand hangers have been distributed throughout Western Canada and the Western States. In addition to this a large number of articles are being sent out daily, descriptive of the exhibition.

Everything is developing much better than expected in connection with the forthcoming exhibition. The industrial exhibitors of last year were given until the 15th of May to apply for their old space, before it would be available for new exhibitors, and the result is that, although there are a number of applications for space from new exhibitors, there has been very little space relinquished. It is expected that the manager will have as difficult a task this year in providing accommodation as last year, in spite of the fact that a new building is to be erected for the "art loan" collection of paintings.

GLENBOW.

The weather seems unchangeable and we are getting our share of rain and thunderstorms. The crops however are looking well and growing fast.

The number of men employed at the quarry is steadily increasing and the various buildings being erected for the accommodation of men and staff of bosses are being pushed. Work after supper till 9 p. m. is the order of things for the present, until everything is in working order.

REMEMBER.

When over your head the bright blue sky

Seems in its joy to mock your cry,
When even the sunshine scarce and scars

And the bluebird's song seems echo of tears

When sorrow and you sit down alone

And the dole of bread turns out to be stone

And all of your loves, your hopes and fears

Shiver in pieces on life's sharp wheels.

Remember, my soul, though tied to a stake,

Remember, my heart though like to break:

Up at the head of the heavenly stairs,

Christ, He listens and Christ, He cares.

THE SAILFISH.

It Takes Great Skill to Land Him With Reel and Rod.

The small number of sailfish annually taken in Atlantic waters is partially explained by the unusual care and skill required to be exercised in locating their presence as well as the great skill, experience and endurance required in handling them with rod and reel.

It is frequently seen near the Florida keys, they seldom leave the vicinity of the warm gulf stream whose shore approach within view of Palm Beach.

One usually finds them on warm sunny days, swimming with their green dorsal fins slightly out of water, and needlessly a school is often seen to be all after them used to lunge ahead of them, cross their path a hundred yards in advance, then stop and allow the boat to drift slowly when a lively fresh bait should be cast.

While they often strike at cut bait or a spoon in trolling, they are self possessed, even in the familiar character of their jaws. As a rule they bite very quietly and must be given thirty or forty feet of line before striking, as their jaws are small, hard and strong, not unlike a tarpon in their internal structure, and can rarely be captured unless the hook is well swallowed.

When hooked, it takes a terrific commotion, first endeavoring to pierce the most powerful reels in their rushes, then making perpendicular leaps in rapid succession, clearing the deck, leaping a foot or two, finally to shake out the hook and finally making long side dashes just under the water, somewhat like a herring.

These movements are occasionally interrupted by low, rapid flights just above the water, when their immense sail seems to play its part in serial navigation.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

The Sleep Comes All Right, But it Brought a Sleepless Ten Minutes.

Recently a friend who had suffered a good deal from insomnia told me of a cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before you go to bed," he said. "I'll warrant you will be asleep in less than half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now, for the benefit of others who may be troubled with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to repeat his advice, so that all am able to recall the details.

First let me say that my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my regimen. Then a fierce pain struck under his arm along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon I was riding shot him in the brain and I was floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads looked over the edge of the cliff and said, "If you should haul me up I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the spokesman came in and I heard him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said, calmly holding me up and putting it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clouds bounded into the ring and pulled the centre out. I was left hanging in the air, tent and all the people in it, up, up, while I stood on the earth watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Exchange.

The Two Bacons.
Roger Bacon, 1214-94, known as the "miracle doctor," was a very remarkable man, 300 years ahead of his time. In fact, his mind was more modern than that of Francis Bacon, his contemporary. He was probably the inventor of gunpowder; he knew that there were different kinds of gases; he predicted steamships and aeroplanes; he constructed lenses and burning glasses and was acquainted with the theory of the telescope, as he did not actually construct one. In the age of Roger Bacon, the world was still in the stock for keen, systematic thinking. In opposition to the spirit of his time he sought to divert the minds of the young from the mere scholastic substitutes to study nature. A great many would justify Draper in calling Roger Bacon a greater man than was his more famous namesake.

Only Loving Them.
A smart baby carriage stood outside a shop in London on the outskirts of London. In it slept a pretty dimpled baby, and beside it lay a fat pug puppy. Its nose almost touched the baby's cheek.

A lady passing noticed the strange picture—the beautifully dressed baby, the pug puppy and the ragged wif. When she stroked the baby and the pup, the wif got up and ran away. A lady passing noticed the strange picture—the beautifully dressed baby, the pug puppy and the ragged child. The baby's mother was with the pup.

"Are you looking after them?" she inquired kindly of the wif.

In a moment the child's face was wreathed by a pleasant smile.

"No, ma'am," said she, "I'm only loving them."

THE GRACEFUL ANTELOPE.

He Seems Born of Light and Nursed in the Lap of the Wind.

For me there have been no fairer days than when the antelope skinned the plain with less nebulous with speed than ever seen. When the most delective motion left the best aimed bullet far behind. For the antelope is the only large animal that is wholly whirritile. Graceful as he may seem when striding the ground and swinging his tail, he is fleet and bounding like a ball at the next touch of earth, there is still something earthy about the deer. But the antelope seems born of light and nursed in the lap of the wind. All his movements move with the grace of the wind rather than the earth. Though Nature made a slight change in giving him legs instead of wings, she made no mistake, and her work has always been the love and love of the master. When the antelope comes to the harbor of the hills, but the antelope steers for the open sea. The farther the plain sweeps wide and free the more this gay rover loves its safety, and a run that to the deer means death, to the antelope means a "breather" that warms him up to the race. Whether illuminating the horizon like a shooting star in the clear morning air of the great plains or looming high, like a stilted ghost in the mirage of a great desert, he is the most charming of all animals. His man and his passing has left a great void that nothing can fill. The few that are left, provided they are as wise as they are, give no idea of the effect produced on a lone animal by the open eyes of the great beast. The deer was created in a film almost like vapor with distance and speed, and vanishing as if in air over the land's outlying verge.—T. S. Van Dyke in Recreation.

Carolina Polar Bear.

A polar bear chase is not very dangerous if one has coolness of mind and a good gun. Taking everything into account, it is easier properly to wound a bear than to catch a rabbit between two stones. Even in spite of his ferocity, the bear is not a man-killer, the bear known to man is about as fond of himself against man, armed as man is nowadays. Besides, the arctic bear does not recognize man as such and takes him, for the most part, for a seal. The pilot animal of the van derbilt crew made a nest on the mast of the vessel and provided with a huge telescope, can distinguish in clear weather a bear five kilometers off or farther, so the hunter has time to watch his prey and to prepare his plan. The bear is a great swimmer and hunts on the icebergs as well. Sometimes the bear takes to the water to escape. In this case he is lost, for he cannot swim as quickly as a boat can follow, and the hunter can kill him with a spear or gun. It is fast worthy of remark that one bear will do it if well placed—that is to say, placed in the head. Many bears after being shot in the heart have swum 100 or 200 meters.



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